

12-24-1943

## Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1943-12-24

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# Merry Christmas!

## EMBRY-RIDDLE

# Fly Paper

"STICK TO IT"

VOL. VII

DECEMBER 24, 1943

NO. 10

### WARTIME RELIGION IS FAR-REACHING

by Chaplain L. H. Shonfelt

I am thinking of the army chapel in the same sense that we speak of a group of individuals constituting the Church. I am not thinking primarily of those 1200 beautiful chapels that have been constructed on army posts. I am thinking of what they stand for in human living. To use military terminology, I am writing about the religious personnel of the army.

A man or a woman in the army seldom belongs for the duration to the army chapel. At least, he holds an associate membership, though at the same time he may be an active member of the Methodist, Congregational, Catholic Church or Jewish Synagogue.

Have you ever considered the meaning and magnitude of this present day religious institution which has been superimposed upon our national social order? I predict that it will have a far-reaching and favorable effect upon our American way of life. For it is great in size, significant in unity, and powerful in influence.

#### Marching On

Millions of America's youth attend its services each month. America's future leaders stand before its altar each week. Consider these figures compiled by the army Chief of Chaplains. During last October, the chaplains in camps at home and throughout the battle fields of the world conducted 113,644 services in which 6,371,114 men and women worshipped. In addition, these army pastors contacted 6,801,365 individuals. You who attend the army chapel are marching onward with God's great army of Christian soldiers: "With the cross of Jesus, going on before."

The unity of the army chapel is a joy to me and a most significant factor to the nation. While each man is loyal to his own convictions and while the chaplain who serves them respects the faith of each, they cooperate in a remarkable manner. These men serve the same country, die for the

AS Christmas announces the close of 1943 and thoughts are turned to holly and mistletoe, we cannot help becoming a bit sentimental, despite the pressing business of War.

So may we display sentiment for the moment and say to each and every one of you—we're proud of you.

We're proud of your spirit, we're proud of your loyalty, we're proud of your work. You deserve the merriest of Christmases and the brightest of horizons in the New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. John Paul Riddle

same cause, and worship the same God. Jewish men have taken extra duty in order that Christian men might be free on Christmas. Then the Christian men have reciprocated on the Jewish holy days.

The divisions in the Church in America have plagued it since the beginning of our history. Those weakened partitions are being battered down by the army chapel at home and abroad. That trend has a significance beyond our comprehension today.

#### Down To Earth

In the last place, let me say that the army chapel is exerting a tremendous influence. In combat, men are driven to the extremity which is God's opportunity.

Religion is being shorn of nonessentials. It has come down to earth with a hard practicality. Men find that it is real, God is real; in fact, God is the only thing they are certain will be unchanged tomorrow. I'll admit it is an emergency religion, but some of it will stick for good. Our army chapel will have a permanent effect on American history.

### CHRISTMAS SPIRIT STILL PREVAILS

by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

We wish to take this opportunity to wish all of you a very Merry Christmas. It is a special Merry Christmas we wish you. The old fashioned, the American Merry Christmas, a Christmas such as we all grew up to know and expect. Dinner at grandmothers, lighted Christmas trees, stockings hung on the mantle, the Yule log burning brightly, a meeting of members of the family and friends long separated, Christmas parties at home and in school, the exchanging of presents, the singing of Carols, the shouts of the children and the Spirit of Santa Claus. Nostalgic memories, yes, but they typify better than anything else the spirit of this country.

The cynics say, "Why stir up sentiment in these troublous times." Our answer is that we are not stirring up this sentiment. It is a feeling inherent in the people themselves and needs no stirring.

#### Keep That Spirit

To those who cannot reconcile the thought of Christmas, representing the Nativity of the "Prince of Peace," with the present world situation, we can only say that one of the fundamental freedoms we are fighting for is to keep that sentiment and that spirit always in the hearts of our people.

Father who used to play Santa Claus is fighting so that he may return soon and be able to continue that role in his family. Brother is driven on by the idea that when this War is over he too may raise his family under conditions of freedom, joy and laughter such as he knew at home.

Throughout history, wars have been fought with one side fighting to amass riches and the other side fighting for their freedom, for peace and for security.

The early Christians fought for freedom to worship as they chose and therefrom sprang the beginnings of the Church Militant. The Crusades represented another

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GIVE WAR BONDS

The Present with a Future



# EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.



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## COSTA RICA

by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

We now jump on our little junket to Costa Rica, a country in which we have spent quite some time. Costa Rica is the southernmost country of Central America.

It is located north of Panama and south of Nicaragua and extends from the Caribbean to the Pacific Ocean. It has an area of 23,000 square miles.

It derived its name "Rich Coast" from the early Spaniards who discovered richness of soil as well as mineral wealth there.

It is traversed longitudinally by two coastal or nearly coastal mountain ranges with a central plateau between. The highest peak is Irazu, which is an active volcano. Another volcano, Paos, is most beautiful when viewed from the air because two of its craters have lakes in them of strikingly different colors. The country is narrow, only 175 miles at its widest part and 74 miles at its narrowest.

San Jose, the capital and largest city, is most picturesque and modern. The houses are concrete or adobe with tile roofs. There can be found one of the most beautiful opera houses in the world, the Teatro Nacional, many modern motion picture houses and large stores and offices.

The two ports on the Atlantic and Pacific sides are Limon and Puntarenas respectively. They are connected with the capital by steam and electric railroads.

Due to the fact that the altitude varies from tropical sea level to an average of 3,500 feet, any type of fruit, vegetable or tree may be grown, so we find bananas, coffee, cocoa, sugar, beans, rice and corn as well as dairy products, meat of all kinds and fish, all home grown, in the city markets.

In the central plateau around San Jose are grown the temperate zone products, along the coast the tropical, and in the

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# Letters to the Editor

1045 Penn. Avenue  
Miami Beach 39, Florida  
December 18, 1943

Dear Editor:

I just received your first edition of the Barracuda Bucket and the Fly Paper. I want to thank you for sending this very interesting paper to me.

My parents had the pleasure of reading the paper also, and we all want to wish you all the luck in the world with your future publications.

I would appreciate very much if you would continue to mail me the Barracuda Bucket and the Fly Paper.

Thanking you in advance, I remain,  
Yours very truly,  
Robert L. Glasser

P.S. MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

*Editor's Note: We are delighted that you were pleased with our special issue of last week, Robert, and you may rest assured that you will continue to receive the Fly Paper and the next edition of the Civil Air Patrol's Barracuda Bucket.*

S. Moulscroomb  
B'ton'y, Sussex  
England  
November 15, 1943

Dear Editor:

I am still receiving the Fly Paper which I appreciate, but I am afraid my son, Ronald George, who was trained at Carlstrom Field, has been killed in air operations over Holland. He was put on fighters, and at the time was flying a Typhoon.

He was ever so proud to be on one of the latest "kites," and I was too, so when the news came through on July 3, 1943, of his death while train-busting in Holland, it indeed was a great shock to us.

The wonderful training he received in America I shall never forget. I have some good "snaps" which I shall always treasure.

I wish success to all your future training.  
Yours respectfully,  
(Mrs.) J. M. Gravett

*Editor's Note: Ronald George came to this country in July 1941 and was an R.A.F. Cadet at Carlstrom in Class 42-B. We wish to extend the sincere sympathy of the entire organization to Mrs. Gravett.*

4 St. Mary Street  
Risca, Mon.  
England  
November 25, 1943

Dear Editor:

Will you kindly accept the following poem as a small tribute for all you are doing for all the boys?

If you care to print this appreciation in the Fly Paper, with our attempt to say thanks for all you are doing, we will be very pleased.

Our son, L. A. C. Trembath, J., is at No. 5 B.F.T.S., and we know from his letters you do all you can to help.

Yours faithfully,  
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Trembath

## THE FLY PAPER

Printed to help the job along,  
Easy to follow, never too long,  
A photo here, a cartoon there,  
A hint to others not to dare,  
On every page a message rings  
To help the boys to get "Their Wings."  
Stick to it, boys, it's your paper,  
Helping you to be "Sky Scrapers,"  
And never forget, we want the best  
To clear the sky of the enemy pest.  
Study it well, it will do you good,  
And pass it on—you always should.  
For us at home, we thank the staff  
Who train our boys—the good old RAF.  
And for the Fly Paper you always send,  
We assure you it's a welcome friend.  
May "Riddle's Work," in the final test,  
Find British boys among "their best."

*Editor's Note: You cannot imagine, Mr. and Mrs. Trembath, how much we appreciate your contribution. Your tribute from "over there," coming as it did so near Christmas time, has added much to the holiday season in the Fly Paper office. Thank you again.*

Tech School  
December 20, 1943

Dear Editor:

Until I can get acclimated to the dizzy heights of the 7th floor, I cannot see any poetic contributions. But, just in case you might need a little fill-in, the experience of one of the Colonnade employees might come in handy.

It seems that, one morning, as this employee was leaving home, his wife

pushed back his dark wavy hair from his forehead, kissed him goodbye and said, "Darling, you are a model husband."

As he wended his way toward the Colonnade it kept running through his mind. "Model Husband." How proud of himself he felt. The more he thought about it, the better he liked it.

Upon reaching the office, he thought, just to heighten his proud pleasure, that he would look in the dictionary for the word model—to find further informative details to feed his self esteem.

So taking the dictionary, he hunted for the word, model: M-Mo-Mod-Model. Ah! There it was—MODEL. Eagerly he started to read its definition: MODEL: "A small imitation of the real thing!"

All of which explains why a certain person in the Pay Roll department was so grouchy the other morning.

Naturally, as editor of the Fly Paper, you can hear of and publish various things without divulging the source of your information, and anyway, I always like to be anonymous.

H. T. Carpenter

*Editor's Note: We think you're kidding us about that desire for anonymity, "Gramp." And anyway, that's too big a scoop to publish without a by-line!*

England

Dear Editor:

I today received two copies of the old Fly Paper and it reminded me that it was about time I wrote you a few lines, it being several months since I left Clewiston with its sun and mosquitos behind me. I would willingly put up with the latter for a good dose of the former at the moment. I doubt if I'll get used to this English climate again, although I'm naturally very glad to be home.

I am at present at a night fighter AFU and finding conditions most pleasant. It's terribly different flying over here than it was in Florida and the fact that I am now on "twins" makes flying a bigger change still. All this only goes to make things more interesting than ever.

I heard recently from Kay. He's at a day fighter AFU. Horne is also on AFU but for medium bombers somewhere in Scotland. This is all the first hand "gen" of fellow Course 12 members, although I believe Hind is on Army Coop and Evans is at F.I.S. for Service Aircraft. Incidentally, McPhie of Course 1 is here with me.

How is life at No. 5 going along? I guess you are all just about recovering from the mosquito attacks which I gather from their frequent mention in the Fly Paper have been somewhat numerous. I think I was there at the right time of the year.

I must close now, asking you to give my regards and best wishes to everyone at Riddle Field. I promised many people I'd write them when I returned, but you know

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**If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you, fill out the following and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, 3240 N. W. 27th Avenue, Miami 30, Florida.**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



# CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bramlitt

Surprise of the week was the landing on this Field of a B-17 Flying Fortress piloted by Lt. Robert M. Kilmark of Class 43-G. Tex Williams was his instructor here.



Kay

Recent promotions at Carlstrom include M/Sgt. John Jordan to Warrant Officer. Johnny has been at the Field ever since its inception and is well known and well liked by all the personnel. Sgt. Busbee of the Infirmary is the only other enlisted man who has been at this station since the beginning.

Pfc. Ben Lane has been promoted to Corporal, and Sgt. Whitton is now Staff Sergeant. Congratulations to you three.

The welcome mat is on the floor to Sgt. Howard Townsend, who reported recently and is now on duty in the Sergeant Major's office.

## Imagine That!

Sgt. Treadway has only recently returned from a furlough spent in North Carolina and Tennessee, and he returned *one day early!*

Cpl. Morris Schwartz has just returned from his furlough. He was a passenger on the south-bound Champion that was involved in the train crash in North Carolina. We're all glad you made it back safely.

Eva Mae Lee left last Sunday for New Jersey to spend the Christmas holidays. She hopes to see a white Christmas, and unless we're very wrong she will, 'cause it certainly has been cold *here* for the past week.

Margaret Kent of Army Personnel has gone back to Miami to live.

We understand that Clem Whittenbeck, Flight Coordinator, was given a surprise birthday party last Saturday evening, and, according to Mr. Roscoe Brinton, it was a hum-dinger. A group of Clem's former instructor refreshers presented him with a very lovely easy chair, complete with Ottoman.

## From Overseas

A letter was received from F/O Thomas O. Johnston, British Cadet from Class 42-E, last week, and he is now stationed somewhere in the North Atlantic. A portion of his letter follows:

"I was in 42-E and started flying about November 15th, 1941. My cadet number was 1049066, and my instructor J. H. Peters. I often look back on those ten weeks with very happy memories indeed, especially hot chocolate with a marshmal-

low in it and a fried egg and bacon sandwich, or maybe Delaware Punch and a Babe Ruth candy bar, to the accompaniment of 'Elmer's Tune' on the juke box. Yes, those were really happy days. Now I'm converting onto 4-engined Stirlings, and very nice planes they are too."

We're always glad to hear from our former Cadets and wish to thank C/O Johnston for his nice letter. His address is c/o Highcroft, Farnworth, Lancs., England.

## Greetings

A Christmas card addressed to the "Carlstrom Field Gang" and signed by Lt. and Mrs. T. Waldo Davis and Mary wishes all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, too. Many of the old-timers will remember

Waldo, and for those interested in his address is Lt. T. W. Davis, A.C., 0-503885, 52nd BFTS, Randolph Field, Texas. Thanks for the greetings, Waldo, and the same to you and your wife.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND  
HAPPY NEW YEAR,  
EVERYBODY!

## LETTERS

Continued from Page 3

how it is. The will is strong but the flesh is weak. Still, I'll get around to it some day.

Many thanks to everyone for everything, including encouraging words from you when Link seemed hopeless.

Best wishes,  
E. Brian Jenkins

*Editor's Note: Brian will be remembered as a member of Course 12 and is no doubt pleased to be on twin-engined fighters. Thanks for the letter, Brian, and we trust you will receive our answer soon.*

Write Address in large letters in bold ink within this space

**CHIEF INSTRUCTOR,  
CARLSTROM FIELD  
ARCADIA,  
FLA — USA**

THE ADDRESS MUST NOT BE TYPEWRITTEN

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145 SQUADRON,  
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Date  
Nov 16<sup>th</sup> 43

**Xmas Greetings**

AND VERY BEST WISHES

TO INSTRUCTORS AND STAFF  
FROM A FORMER PUPIL  
Kenneth D Romain  
from the (Class 42-E)

**ROYAL AIR FORCE  
MIDDLE EAST 1943**

SMP.

THIS SPACE SHOULD NOT BE USED

FLIGHT SERGEANT KENNETH D. ROMAIN was a United Kingdom Cadet at Carlstrom Field in Class 42-E, which was the second British class to report here. When he left Carlstrom in September, 1941, he was sent to Gunter Field for Basic training. His V-Mail letter sent from the Central MED Forces was beautifully timed and it gives us great pleasure to reproduce his Christmas greeting in this issue.



# RIDDLE ROUND-UP

NO. 5 B.F.T.S.

by Harley Case, Acting Editor

Robert V. Walker recently was appointed Operations and Engineering Officer by E. J. Smith, General Manager. At the time of his appointment Bob was trying to talk his way out of the infirmary. He is now convalescing at his parents' home in Miami and will return next week to take over the position formerly held by Mr. Smith.

Another promotion was announced—John T. Cockrill, Squadron Commander, has been designated Chief Pilot. At present Johnny is studying at the Instrument Training School, Bryan, Texas. After his one-month standardization course Johnny will have charge of Instructor training and proficiency—the position held by Harry Lehman prior to his appointment as Director of Flying.

## Christmas Dance

The orchestra often makes or breaks a dance. The band from Buckingham's Flexible Gunnery School "made" the Christmas Dance held last Saturday at the Sugarland Auditorium.

Credit for the successful evening also should go to Flt. Lt. Trewin and Capt. Cash for arranging the details and acting as Masters of Ceremonies.

At midnight all Cinderellas had to leave. The "Cinderellas" in this case were 39 Spars from Palm Beach. We're grateful to them for making the trip over and hope to see them again.

This Christmas may be the first away from home for many at Riddle Field. But every effort is being made to make it a pleasant time for all cadets.

Mr. Nicodemus served a Christmas dinner on Thursday—turkey, dressing, hot mince pie and all the trimmings.

One hundred and two cadets are spending Christmas Eve as guests of the Everglades Club in Palm Beach, at the invitation of Mr. Dillman, president of the club.

Through the efforts of Syd Burrows and the U.S.O., seventy-five cadets will spend Christmas day as guests of generous residents of Miami.

## News of People You Know

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Woodward announce the birth of a son, Kenneth. The young man weighed 6 pounds 6 ounces on his arrival at the Clewiston Hospital December 17.

Sgt. Walter M. Studley, Medical, is on emergency leave in Pittsfield, Mass., due to the illness of his father.

Phyllis Flanders, auburn-haired former secretary to Mr. Sloan in Personnel, visited the Field recently. Phyllis has a holiday vacation from the University of Alabama to be with her parents in Moore Haven.

Sgt. Morris Paris of the 75th AAFSTD and his wife, Natalie, of the Operations office are in Boston.

Sgt. Tom Chappell, Armaments Instruc-

tor, is leaving soon for air crew training. Flt. Sgt. T. C. E. Griffiths has arrived to replace Tom.

Jack Hopkins, former Link Instructor and Riddle Field editor for this paper, has resigned his position. In the past two years Jack has made many friends here. We are sorry to see him leave and wish him luck in whatever he undertakes.

Howard T. Carter and J. W. VanPetten recently were promoted from Second to First Officer grade.

## U.S.O. Show OK.

Seated in the dining hall last Tuesday evening one could wonder at the changes this war has caused. We were watching a floor show worthy of the Rainbow Room or the Drake in Chicago—and all without a cover charge! Unit No. 4 of U.S.O. Camp Shows brought their talents to Riddle Field, and we are looking forward to more.

Lucille Roberts was Mistress of Ceremonies, and a clever magician she was, too. Peggy Killeen sang as well as she did in "Hit the Deck." George Rabone played the accordion as he has at Southampton and Newport. Charlotte Joyce is a good dancer, and we liked particularly Henry Hillman's impressions of Hollywood celebrities.

## Short Sport Story

In last week's Rugby game Course 18 defeated Course 16, 13 to 8, at the Clewiston High School.

Three days later Course 16 avenged themselves, defeating Course 18 in Soccer, 3 to 1.

One newcomer to the Field and three transfers are reported this week: George Serson, formerly in the Maintenance department of TWA in Washington, is now in our Communications department. Mrs. Robert Ohlinger has moved up six flights (from the Operations office to the Control Tower).

Mrs. Neal Dwyer is a very attractive addition to the Link department. Geneva Phielan of the Flight Office is now secretary to Harry Lehman, Director of Flying.

## COURSE 17

Many fantastic tales have been spun about the events of the recent leave—but most of these have spun out of control. Three American cadets, however, returned with very printable news. We wish to congratulate these three on their recent marriages.

Edwin M. (Scotty) Mize married the former Mary Catherine Dwyer of Clarion, Pa. James J. Cypher and Verda Johnston were married in Paducah, Ky. Eloise Rochester became the bride of Kenneth Bartman in Louisville, Ky. All three brides now are living at the Clewiston Inn.

Chris Lee and Jack Hayward reached the Bahamas during their leave. Key West was visited by Trevan, Steadman and Williams.

The Christmas dance proved to be a "bumper" show, marred only by the Spars' retreat at midnight.

This week we learned that the "gen" Course 16 has shot about the AT-6 cockpit check was not the line we believed it to be.

Course 18 now has been formally introduced to Senator Needle and Senator Ball. We trust our record for ground loops is not in too much danger.



THE BIG THREE AT RIDDLE FIELD, Clewiston, Fla., are, left to right: James W. Durden, Assistant General Manager; Harry Lehman, Director of Flying; and Ernie Smith, General Manager.



## DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

Of course we all knew it was coming; it always comes at this time of the year, so a Merry Christmas to You-All, and a Happy New Year.



Jack

Wonder just what happens to all the notes we take for the Fly Paper during the week and stuff in all our pockets? Seems that when Sunday comes around we can't find nary a thing.

To some of you people who work in the daylight hours and have been complaining about the North Dakota mornings we have been having this past week, ask some of the people who have to stay out here all night and the many who get out of a nice warm bed at 2:30 so they can come to work at 4:00 a.m. to give a 25-hour inspection. Fact is, we are thinking of opening an ice skating rink some of these mornings.

Abbie Benton had a beautiful pair of pajamas on the other morning under all his outer garments, and they kid us about all the clothes we wear.

### Orchids

Orchids to the Mess Hall crew for the Christmas decorations, a large tree with all the trimmings on it. And speaking about trimmings, we hear that Christmas dinner, to be served on Thursday, is sure going to be a treat. From what I heard that distinguished grey-headed gentleman at the Mess Hall say to our Chief Steward (Mr. Schlichtinger) it's a good thing that the cadets have three days to recuperate from the feed that he is going to put on for them. P.S. This was written before the big "feed."

Harold Kerns must just love to fly! Huh, anybody who'd take off cross country last Sunday, for points north too! Rugged ain't he?

### The Army Side

Lt. and Mrs. Farmer went to Anderson, S. C., to spend the Christmas holidays.

Wanted by Lt. Rubertus: a tent, apartment, a house (with doghouse attachment). Yep, he'll need it.

The Intelligence department has taken on deciphering. We understand that Britt is painting a large sign to hang outside, "Man at Work." Huh, these people who send jig-saw puzzles to busy (?) people!

Is he or ain't he? That is the sixty-four-dollar question. We've heard so much about it, first he is and then he ain't. We're talking about Cpl. (Sir Frederick) Heis and his contemplated marriage. The latest Reuter's dispatch was that the fatal day was set for December 20, 1943. Ah, me! This uncertainty!

Capt. McCluen has the gruffest "come in" that we have ever heard.

We told Jim Burt about these cheap Packards. What he needs is a good Model "A" to push him to and from the Field. We're also thinking of fixing Carl "Porky" Dunn up a garage and machine shop in Operations just so that he can fix Jim's car up every morning.

Gordon Mougey up and about again after a mild case of flu. We personally take the credit for getting him out of bed. We dropped around to see if he were still among the living and casually dropped the remark that Betty Grable was playing at the local cinema. Immediately he was out of bed and halfway to the show before we could catch up with him. Ain't it funny what Betty Grable does to some people?

Welcome to William Holmsen, Dorr's new Personnel Manager, until recently of Norwalk, Conn. Bet he's glad to be way down south 'mong the Sunshine and Roses! Br-r-r-r— (The Chamber of Commerce f'got to pay me off this week—I'll show 'em.)

Tol'ably,  
Jack

## Man of the Week

by A/C H. E. Rotchford

It is only fitting and proper that we name Capt. Myron Fink, the new Aviation Medical Examiner at Dorr Field, our "Man of the Week."

According to Capt. Fink, "The Aviation Medical Examiner's job isn't to ground pilots but to keep them flying." Upon this belief he has built up an enviable record in military medicine.

### Medical Career

Receiving his pre-med at Toledo University in Ohio and graduating from Medical School at Michigan University, Capt. Fink took his internship in the University Hospital at Ann Arbor and is a past president of Alpha Omega Alpha.

After entering the service August 10, 1942, his home station was Napier Field, Ala., an advanced single-engine flying school. At Napier Capt. Fink was assistant Flight Surgeon on the Field. From there he went to the 15th C.T.D., Johnson City, Tenn.

The relation of man to space has brought about many problems that have interested Capt. Fink, especially those difficulties in high altitude flying and the problems of aviation cadets in training.

### Welcome

The Captain has extended a cordial invitation to all the Cadets at Dorr Field to come in and discuss any problems they have concerning flying and cadet difficulties. Capt. Fink is deeply impressed with Dorr Field and is sure he will have a fine tour of duty at this post.

Dig Deeper As The Fight Gets Harder

## CADET OFFICERS

by A/C J. F. West

Aviation Cadet J. W. Guynes assumed the position of Wing Commander as a new corps of cadet officers, chosen from class 44-E, took over their belated posts this week at Dorr Field.

Tradition was broken in this selection of cadet officers in that they ordinarily would have been chosen much earlier and would have taken over their duties upon the departure of Class 44-D. They were elected from a group of cadets recommended by the retiring staff—new Wing Officers, Group Officers and Squadron Officers.

### Lone Star Lad

Cadet J. W. Guynes, taking over the big job of wing commander, is from a big state; he attended Southern Methodist University in Dallas. Mr. Guynes received his preflight training at 35th CTD, Susquehanna College, Seilinsgrove, Penn., was second in command of Squadron D while there and second in command of Squadron C-7 while in preflight at Maxwell Field.

The office of Wing Adjutant was filled by Cadet George H. Kunde. Mr. Kunde is right next door to basic soldiering, being from Miami Beach, Fla. He attended 331st CTD at Dickinson College, Williamsport, Penna., where in the 3 months he was there, he rose to the post of second in command of the detachment. He was also a flight lieutenant at Nashville and second in command of Squadron B-1, Maxwell Field.

The office of Wing Supply is now in the hands of Cadet Robert D. Castle from Chicago. Mr. Castle received four years of high school military training and was one of eleven students, chosen from ten thousand high school cadets, serving on the City Corps staff. He later attended Wilson College.

### From The Ozarks

Mr. Castle was a flight lieutenant in the 305th CTD, located at the University of Arkansas. He was also a flight lieutenant at Nashville, flight lieutenant of Squadron B-1, Maxwell Field, and a Group Commander at Dorr Field last month.

Aviation Cadet Earl G. Thomas from Wilmington, N. C., was chosen First Wing Executive Officer. Cadet Thomas attended Clemson College, South Carolina, and the





323rd CTD located at Springfield College, Massachusetts.

Cadet Ernest V. Rector, Asheville, N. C., is the Second Wing Executive Officer; he was a flight lieutenant at 10th CTD, Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., a flight lieutenant in Squadron B-1, Maxwell Field, and a Group Commander here at Dorr Field last month.

The Third Executive Wing Officer chosen was Cadet Robert F. Notestine, from Los Angeles, Calif. He was a squadron commander in 331st CTD, Dickenson College, Williamsport, Penna., a flight lieutenant at Nashville and Squadron Commander of Squadron B-1 at Maxwell Field.

Group Officers chosen were group Group One through Group Six respectively: Cadets Rolly G. Hanna, Leon D. Hunnings, John R. Sherwood, George B. Johnson, W. W. Helmholtz and Arthur L. Hossler.

Squadron Officers are chosen once each week, and in this way most of the cadets have a chance at serving as an officer.

## DORR'S KEYHOLE

by A/C Norm Sharpless

As much as we hated the cold weather, it had its advantages. An afternoon off now and then is just the thing to put a fella "on the ball." This time it also helped us to get hepped up for the big "G.I. Party." There was dancing in one of the rooms (ask Lt. McLaughlin) and refreshments were served.

The numerous inspections which have plagued us all are presenting their own little problems. With the spirit of Christmas filling the hearts at home, the packages are piling up in our lockers. Needless to say, all the boys are hard pressed to find hiding places. A/C Orcutt received the largest one of all—it looked like half a freight car with gaudy wrappings. He will appreciate any and all suggestions as to what to do with it.

### It Really Works

The past week has seen the majority of 44-E men complete the 40-hour check. Now that they're going on with acrobatics, the safety belt is receiving plenty of attention. Since Weatherly's memorable parachute jump we all know that the darn things actually work, but most men still prefer to land the easy way—with the plane! (Or maybe that's just his way of picking oranges?)

And then, there is Charles Collins. This lad goes in for his acrobatics in a big way. In fact, on a recent morning, his execution of snap and slow rolls caused his instructor's blood to boil. Anyway, that's one explanation for the nosebleed which covered Charlie's windshield. We've heard it said that after forty hours the cadets go out for blood. Well, here's one guy who got it!

Meanwhile the 44-F boys are battling it out with more elementary flight maneuvers. John McNeely thought his landings



I'm improving—yesterday I was lousy, today I was just terrible!

were pretty sharp until he taxied back to the line and found he'd bounced all the air out of the tail wheel shock absorber. (Maybe he ran a roller-coaster in civilian days?)

Johnny West tells us the Ground School causes most of the troubles in his Squadron. Rosslyn Hotard is trying to acquire a rapid education through incessant interrogatives. Being from New Orleans doesn't seem to add to his understanding.

Then, one day, Don Hartsfield asked what the hole in the middle of a cam drum was. He seemed quite surprised when he was informed that it was the center. (He isn't mechanically inclined, but surely he has eaten doughnuts!)

### Quite a Drop

If any of you wonder why A/S Sgt. John Snyder is always on remedial, here is the reason: Once upon a time he fell out of a C-47! He must have fallen all of four feet . . . the plane was on the ground at the time! (Johnny, run down and talk to Instructor Babcock—he once fell two thousand feet into a lake without benefit of parachute—and walked away!)

Felix McKinney's temporary loss of Instructor Littleton's "garden hose gosport" caused its own flurry of excitement. This great invention was specially designed to enable proper enunciation of praiseworthy (?) epithets during any maneuver.

## CHRISTMAS DINNER

The Anderson-Schlichtinger team turned out an A-1 Holiday Scene at the Dorr Field Mess Hall. The tree was huge—18 or 20 feet tall—and reaching well toward the ceiling. Lights, tinsel, multi-colored gadgets (not cadets . . .) artificial snow—just everything needed to further enhance a truly magnificent tree was there. Each and every window was decorated for the holidays—the big moment of which was, of course, the Christmas Dinner served on the evening of the 23rd.

## PFOST'S CHRISTMAS

by A/C H. Winn

Some fellows get small packages and then others get large ones, but Cadet Pfof outdid them all. From a box big enough to ship a "Continental" motor, he pulled out enough ingredients to have a complete Xmas right in his own room.

To begin with, he found a six-foot tree with all the trimmings, stand included. Next was a wreath which he draped conspicuously on the heater vent just above the tree top. Then out came the customary long brown stocking chock full of such stuff as nuts, fruit, hard candy, etc. This was displayed to good advantage over the bathroom door. But after another look at the sock, a pound note was seen protruding from the toe—a pound note being a piece of American money with Lincoln's portrait on it.

Following these things came numerous packages from various members of the family to make the scene complete. Of course he got a big fat fruit cake with accessories such as assorted candies, more nuts and more fruit.

This display took place on the 12th of December, which is a big jump ahead of Santa, and Cadet Pfof and his roommates were thinking of making it Christmas headquarters for Squadron 5, 44-E.

## BURTON OF DORR

by A/C Knight McKesson

As you pass the western side of Dorr Field you see a white, sprawling structure off by itself. Ask anyone what it is and they answer disinterestedly, "That—it's the disposal plant."

But ask Horace L. Burton, 72-year-old veteran employee of Dorr Field and he will tell you that it is his "castle." Mr. Burton is the sole operator of the plant—seven days each week he works there—and only because no one else could be found to do the job.

### Still Here

"A year ago," Mr. Burton says, "I was asked to come to work at Dorr again until someone was found to take my place; seems as though they haven't found anyone yet."

Mr. Burton was employed at Dorr and Carlstrom Fields during World War I as secretary of Y.M.C.A. activities for both training groups. During his stay he entertained many hundreds of pilot trainees with his holiday programs and weekly features in the Y.M. hut—also many groups of men visited his home near Carlstrom for chicken fries and outings.

Mr. Burton's most vivid memory of the Field at that time was the flu epidemic when many of the trainees were stricken by the then dangerous malady. That not one person was lost at Dorr during the epidemic may be partly due to his untiring

Continued on Page 9



# UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

T. C. Cottrell, Editor

— Associates —

Ernestine Mathis, Buildings and Grounds   Margaret Burcham, Administration   Joe Harpole, Parachutes  
Marie Burcham, Martha N. Houston, Flight Line   Rudolph Neely, Canteen

This week the news from Union City is touched with a note of sadness for every man and woman on the Field. Our well liked Commanding Officer, Major C. E. Parsons, is being transferred from this Field to Courtland, Ala., a basic school, as Director of Flying.



"T. C."

Major Parsons has only been here long enough to gain the respect and admiration of

everyone in the entire organization, Army and Civilian alike.

## Never Too Busy

The outstanding part of the Major's attitude was that he was never too busy to sit down and talk over your problems and requests. Sometimes he might not agree with your ideas, but he always made you feel at liberty to advance all your arguments, and they always were accepted with an open mind and the ever present, very pleasant smile and friendly attitude.

As a tribute to Major Parsons' popularity, all the Army Officers, "Boots" Frantz and Sam Sparks, all Field department heads and flying supervisory personnel, their wives and friends gathered at the Pilot's Club Wednesday evening, December 15, to attend a buffet supper given in his honor.

Mr. Frantz expressed the feelings of all in a simple but effective speech in presenting to the Major a lovely desk pen set, and Major Parsons accepted it with a word about his feelings toward our Field and his happy stay here. We all say, "Luck to you, Major Parsons, and come back to see us often!"

## Going Up

Old Man Winter really snook up on us the other day. The temperature dropped down close to the zero mark and isn't getting away from it too fast. However, we should get some relief in the next few days.

If anyone would like to know about that beautiful moon last Sunday night, just ask Maurine McCord. She even went so far as to say that it would surpass a Florida moon. We did our best to find out what the attraction was other than the moon, but Maurine only blushed that much more and kept the secret to herself. We're still checking, Maurine, and sooner or later we're bound to find out, so you might as well tell us.

Poor Jimmy, our bus driver, is always being hit by something. This time it isn't the stork but a hit and run driver. Whoever it was really nicked our new bus.

We welcome Charles DeLappe, our new food control clerk in the Mess Hall. We might add, girls, that he is "free, white and twenty-one." Much success in your new job, Mr. DeLappe.

## Mighty Proud

All the girls in the Administration building really whistled when Mr. Frantz came in the other morning with his new uniform on. He came strutting in "big as Butch" and even Tommy, better known around here as "Elmer," gave out with a compliment which is ever so rare unless it is offered to one of the opposite sex.

It's good to hear Martha Neil Houston's voice over the phone again after a few days absence due to illness. Glad you're back.

Speaking of illness—there seems to be an epidemic of colds here in "Sunny Tennessee." Kathryn McVay of Plane Maintenance has been ill several days and Bob Barton of Paint Shop is on the sick list. Hurry back to work, folks, as we are really missing you.

## What Vacation?

Frank Haynes, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, is on vacation this week, but I imagine he rather doubts the reality of those words as he has been called back on the job so many times. Everything bad would have to happen, but it just goes to show you how much you really are missed around these parts.

Our newest Flight Instructor during the past week or two is none other than that nonchalant, debonair blond with a pleasing and magnetic personality. Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you Thomas Abbie Hatfield, better known to his many friends as "Tink."

Hatfield was formerly a Naval Air Cadet before entering the Army Air Forces. It is also rumored that the man of many talents was a hot drummer in a popular band, but no one seems to know the name of the band. When asked which he preferred, blondes, brunettes, or redheads, Tom said that the only requirements were that they had plenty of money, a good car and a "C" gas ticket. Good luck to you in your new work.

## Rations Again

Sgt. Harvey Bissey of Link Trainer is on a 15-day furlough this week and so is Lt. Jones' protege, Sgt. Bodle. These two "little boys" are trying to beat Santa to their homes. Won't the little ole man have a hard time filling their socks this year with toys and candy rationed? Don't be too disappointed, boys.

Mary Lou, still a blushing bride, has returned to work. We wish to announce that her name now is Mary Lou Huffstutter. Even George Lobdell didn't know

what her name was until she signed a voucher—then he had to ask who that was. Later someone said something about M. L. Huffstutter to Mr. Frantz. His only remark was, "Who on earth is that?" So from now on, folks, it's Huffstutter to you.

Our hearts are saddened as the time has arrived for Mr. Lobdell to leave. Maureen is especially grieved as it is about time for the payroll to be made up. We certainly wish him the best of luck and hope he will be back to see us soon. He is really a swell guy and we have enjoyed working with him very much.

Well, folks, the cold front is here. Guess Van Kussrow is satisfied now as he predicted a month ago that a "cold front" was coming. You certainly can tell it the way people are sniffing, snuffing and complaining about cold feet. It seems they are having quite a time in the Mess Hall with the pipes freezing here and there. At least, Buildings and Grounds have plenty to keep them busy.

## FLIGHT LINE

by Marie Burcham

We understand Mr. Doane isn't superstitious. Thirteen means nothing to him. How about it, Mr. Doane? Am I talking in riddles, folks?

Due to the unusual Union City weather, the Ice Wagon Patrol is having difficulty disposing of the cargo of ice and trying to keep up the schedule.

Sadly missed by her friends, Barbara Walker (the future Mrs. Harold J. Carey, come January) has taken leave of this Field and all its grade slips. No longer will she be required to "bang" out grade slips, etc., on the typewriter. We hope you will come out and see us soon, Barbara.

Attention Instructor Hatfield: You had better get your six-shooter out ready for



T. E. FRANTZ, General Manager at Embry-Riddle Field.



use. 'Tis rumored that several Refreshers as well as a few Instructors have it in for you after that publicity you gave them in the last issue of the Fly Paper. By the way, did Thomas Alvin "Abie" Eugene Hatfield ever tell you about the time he got his "A" & "E" and Instrument rating?

What started Instructors James, Knight, Hatfield, Conlee, Guseman, Bill Woodward and Hauck building model airplanes all of a sudden? Could it be the "unusual" weather and all the excitement of Union City!

What new Instructor in Squadron 2 is known as "muscle head"? What Refresher is to be sent to Camp Tyson to fill barrage balloons? "Couldn't be the warm air, could it?" "Wolfman" Guseman has returned from a prolonged two (2) day vacation.

How many Instructors are recuperating from powder burns, shell shock and black eyes as results of sitting near the front at the local "Horse Opry" last Saturday? Suggest the Red Cross keep the blood pumped out after this week's showing!

**NOTICE ALL INSTRUCTORS:** There is going to be a big party at the Pilot's Club tonight, Christmas Eve. Ladies are to come formally dressed, if they choose, and instructors are to dress in their new winter uniforms.

**MERRY CHRISTMAS** to each and every one in the Riddle Family from all of us here at Union City!

## KEEP 'EM HAPPY

by A/C R. H. Ailes

"PAY THEM ON TIME AND KEEP THEM HAPPY" is the slogan of the Finance Department of the Army Air Forces. This slogan is adhered to as closely as possible from the largest to the smallest posts in the Continental United States and in the various War Zones. Finance Officers have been appointed at almost all posts to see that every Officer and Enlisted Man receives his correct pay and allowances.

Here at Dorr Field the Finance Office consists of Capt. Samuel A. McCluen, Class B agent to the Finance Officer at Ft. Myers, and Sgt. C. K. Gordon, assistant finance officer and cashier. It is the duty of these two men to see that every man receives his regular pay, allowances and refunds due him and to help any man who has been underpaid or has not received pay at his previous station.

The Finance Office must, before any officer or enlisted man is shipped, see that he has received his correct pay and all allowances, including flight pay, and any refunds due him for erroneous deductions made on previous payrolls.

The Finance Office also provides for payment of commutations of rations for enlisted men on furloughs, mileage, per diem, and civilian personnel.

If at any time a soldier feels that he has been underpaid or that there is a mis-

## UNCLAIMED MAIL

Mail addressed to the following will be found in the Mail Room at the Tech School: Mary Lyon, Enrique Mills, Selden L. Stewart, 2nd, and Maurice van Weintraub.

take in his pay, it is his privilege to come to the Finance Office during his free time, and his claim will be investigated and settled.

## BURTON

*Continued from Page 7*

efforts. Many nights he went without sleep to administer to the patients in the overcrowded hospital. Also while the camp was in quarantine it was his self-imposed duty to go to all barracks windows, picking up mail and orders for things from the Canteen.

When not busy with the operation of the disposal plant, Mr. Burton devotes his time to a little garden he has planted near the building; he also has the "castle" well dotted with flower pots and urns of ferns.

Mr. Burton, known for his never-ending supply of good humor, moved to his present home from Tennessee 35 years ago.

## COSTA RICA

*Continued from Page 2*

south in the plains around Quancaste are the great cattle herds. The country has improved roads but the best developed transportation is by air. Here the "TACA" (Transportes Aereos Centro Americanos) has reached every settlement of importance and transports food, machinery, tools and passengers to all parts of the country. More people have ridden in airplanes than in trains or cars.

The sanitation problem in this country has been attacked with great zeal and the mortality rate has dropped greatly in the past years. The boast of the country is that they support more school teachers than soldiers and their percentage of illiteracy is among the lowest in the world.

The country is one of the few true democracies in the world and each individual actually has a potential voice in the government. The head of the government is a President and Ministry governing through a Chamber of Representatives. The people are of almost pure Spanish descent with little admixture of Indian blood, which accounts for the fact that the girls and young women are among the most beautiful in the world.

San Jose was our home for some time and it was with a feeling of regret that we left. In the years to come when travel to the south is resumed, Costa Rica should be a "must" on every traveler's list.





## BRASIL EM MIAMI

by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

As of this moment we can announce that all members of the Brazilian group except the last have arrived in Brazil. There was some delay en route but a most enjoyable time was had by all. The last group has not reported at this writing.

As we predicted some weeks back, we expected to be here to trim the Christmas tree and we are. We are not alone however. The telephone line from the Instructors School office to the Passport office and the Personnel office is smoking hot from use. There is a deep path worn from the Administrative office to the elevator. There is one just as deep though from the elevator to the Canteen, so apparently the trouble is not lack of food.

The phone rings and "Pinky" Church begins writing a list of names and immediately from apparently nowhere the multitude descends on her shoulders to see if it is a departure list and what names are on it. The only things we can liken it to are a swarm of locusts and pay day.

The Portuguese instructors are leaving us to begin their teaching in Brazil.

### Chuckle Department

We heard this by a somewhat round-about way and therefore won't vouch for its veracity. It may bring a smile to the Fifth floor, though. One of the groups who went to Brazil were in a hotel preparing to order a meal. The waiter handed them the menu opened and folded back. Then the fun began. All the Williams Introductory Portuguese Grammar was brought into play, all the "How to Learn Portuguese in 20 lessons," all the Linguaphone record number 18.

In the restaurant all were thrown into the fray. The concentration was profound. At last after much struggling the order was placed. Then the waiter turned to those who had by chance ordered steak and asked them if they wanted it rare, medium or well done in excellent English and after turning the menu over left for the kitchen smiling. The other side of the menu was printed in English.

All we can say is that we'd like to have a chance to make a mistake like that in a Brazilian restaurant. *Até logo. Voltarei.*

## CHRISTMAS

Continued from Page 1

phase in this battle of the Church for its existence. The Pilgrims fought a battle with nature on a rocky New England shore to obtain this same freedom of worship. Now again in the present conflict one of the things we are fighting for is to protect ourselves from being ground under the Godless heel of the Axis.

Let us, therefore, attempt to have this Christmas as those who are absent in battle would want it. Let us have a prayer

## Guards Visit Blood Bank

On December 16, the Embry-Riddle guards went to the Dade County Blood Bank in a body and donated a pint of blood each. This was their Christmas present to the boys and girls who are doing such a marvelous job to help shorten the War.

A very happy holiday season to our guards. They deserve it!

for those men and women but let us also attempt in so far as possible to remove the shadow at home.

Let us rejoice in our past, look to the future and be thankful that the spirit of this country is such that we are willing to fight to preserve it. That will be then in the true spirit of the American "Merry Christmas."

## God In His Wisdom

by Suzie Bryan, dedicated to her mother

*The sky grows blue and the stars shine bright and the wind whispers in the tropical night.*

*'Twill soon, 'twill soon, ah, yes, it whispers, 'twill soon again be Christmas night.*

*A girl stands looking out and beyond, catching with each breath of wind but dimly*

*The sounds of the world—the sobbing of millions—the hope and the fears—the torture and tears.*

*Too long she, not unlike the others of her generation, stood a little to one side—watching, just watching.*

*And slowly, ah, slowly, then bent by the wind, the young ones, the old ones, straightened up and became grim.*

*And each of the young ones to his mother and father turned, saying, "This is mine. This land of tropics and ice, this land of mountains and plains and lands far beyond,*

*And for this we'll stand, plowing, flying, building, working, working, and for this we too will die."*

*And so our eyes became strained, our hearts a mere murmur, as we joined the sounds of the world,*

*The sobbing of millions—the hopes and the fears—the torture and tears.*

*But above the wracking sickness of the world a voice of strength and calm invades our innermost soul,*

*The voice of Mary, most blessed of all Mothers, for, remembering her, we remember parent or parents—Mother or Father.*

*And in all our fears and tribulations we can turn in the night and say with Thanksgiving: God in His wisdom chose thee to be mine.*

*And we hear subsiding the sounds of the world—the sobbing of millions—the hopes and the fears—the torture and tears.*

## DORM LIFE

by Suzie Bryan

Christmas spirit is certainly in evidence at the Girls' Dormitory. In one corner of the lobby is a lovely Christmas tree that Edith Bubis and Jo Sessions decorated magnificently. Mickey, sitting in front of the fireplace or rather almost in it, tries to get damp wood to burn. Her efforts are valiant and she means well but she meets with little success.

Jonsey and Covington, two Biltmore men, came in the other night as we were practicing Christmas carols. Jonsey, being from Texas, professed to know all about such things as fires, but even he gave up after a struggle. However, it did kind of sputter along and kept us warm enough to practice for about a half hour.

One of the best things about the whole holiday is seeing Mrs. Sessions downstairs again.

If one walks in the Dorm these days and hears an indescribable noise, it is probably Mickey Fairchild practicing on the piano. She is taking lessons at the University of Miami and proudly announced last night that she could now venture forth on the ivory keys with one hand.

If you can make such a racket with one hand, what is life going to be on Majorca avenue when you reach the stage where two are used? But you know, Mickey, we're only kidding and more power to you for being so determined.

Skip Selby is leaving today for Edenton, N. C., where she will spend the holidays and take a long rest. We do hope that she'll be back with us very soon.

### Credit Where Credit Is Due

Edith Bensen is one person in a million. Time and again I have watched her help out the girls at the Dorm when some last minute event turned up. Edith is taking the Instrument course here at the Tech School and seems to love it. By the appearance of things, her roommate, Mary Amanek, must have robbed Santa's bag. She had piled her gifts high on a table and they look soooooo interesting.

Rusty Sheather and Mary Jessup are heading north for Christmas. Mary looked around her room the other night in a happy daze and said that she was going to Lake Placid for some skiing. I rather expected her to take off right then and there. Here's hoping you have lots of fun and piles of snow.

This is where I sign off and wish one and all at the Dorm A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Joe Simpson, husband of Grace Simpson of the Cafeteria, has returned to Embry-Riddle and resumes his former duties as Manager of the Warehouse. We're happy to have Joe back, and as for Grace's feelings, that extra special glow is a dead give-away.



## PIONEERING IN SAO PAULO IS NEWEST UNDERTAKING OF DOROTHY FIELD GOGGIN

Digging in old Indian ruins with archaeological expeditions has acquainted Dorothy Field Goggin with ancient cultures other than those of her own race, and today she has just begun the study of still another culture, that of modern Brazil. She has reached São Paulo as part of the colony sent from Miami to organize the Brazilian division of Embry-Riddle.

Dorothy is an expert linguist, and to her knowledge of Spanish, German and Indian, she has now added a speaking knowledge of Portuguese, required of all instructors in the School.

Born and reared in Oklahoma, Dorothy came here after marrying John M. Goggin, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Goggin of Miami. John expects to join her in Brazil this winter, where he will be employed.

### Romance

Archaeology not only has unearthed the romance of the past for Dorothy, but has brought romance into her own life, since it was through sharing the common interest with her husband that they met at school in 1939. Both were students at the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, N. M., where he was doing graduate work while she was working toward her degree in anthropology. They were married in 1941 and continued working and studying together until she was graduated in 1942.

Immediately following their marriage, the couple went on an archaeological expedition to Old Mexico, to the state of Michoacan and to Mexico City, where they helped excavate the ruins of Cozumatan.

They returned to New Mexico in September, 1941, where John worked as custodian of the Coronado State Monument, a large town where Coronado made his winter headquarters in 1540. The town recently was excavated by the University of New Mexico and now is the site of a large mu-

seum built to house newly discovered material.

Dorothy completed her college work at the university and also worked with her husband as assistant custodian of the museum until August, 1942. At that time they came to Miami where they have made their home since.

Excavations always make news, and the Goggins say the questions most frequently asked by reporters are, "How old are the ruins?" and "Did you find any gold?"

### Unearthed

Objects uncovered by Dorothy and John have included such personal items as jade beads, shell ornaments, copper needles, copper bells and pottery that dated back to pre-Spanish times, approximately from the centuries of 1100 to 1300, and interesting pieces of Indian carvings and famous stone pipes of the Indians.

On their trips they made many friends among the Indians, and Dorothy learned not only their language but their art of cooking. Her husband vouches for her skill in making good chili, tortillas and other Mexican dishes.

She cleverly adapted their styles in designing her own clothes, such as having the Seminole Indians make her a strip of colors six inches wide patterned after their dresses, which she sewed to the bottom of a plain skirt.

### Varied Talents

Her flair for sketching and designing has been used also to illustrate archaeological papers written by her husband and published in technical journals. One of her hobbies is collecting antique glassware from mountain cabins in the Ozarks.

At the University of New Mexico, she majored in both anthropology and biology, and she has begun work on her Master's degree. She is a member of the Mu Alpha

Nu and the Phi Sigma fraternities and of various anthropological organizations.

Dorothy, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Field of Tulsa, Okla., has been an instructor in aircraft electricity at Embry-Riddle here since December 7, 1942.

## RUMOR!

There is a rumor going around that a certain ex-paper hanger by the name of Adolf Hitler is soon going back to his old trade of hanging paper. We are told that there is a paper shortage in Germany and we know there is one in our own country, so we are putting on a scrap paper drive of our own and hope to have a little left to give Adolf, as we want him to keep busy, at least for a while.

Of course every paper hanger has to have paste, and that our boys over there soon will furnish free of charge. Dear Adolf will receive the best pasting he ever had. Our boys have been saving up for a long time for the day to come when they can get into action and do a real job of pasting of their own.

We ask *everyone* to get behind our scrap paper drive and start now. Save every scrap of waste paper and turn it in. You will be rewarded with some unusual prizes. These prizes are a creation of the Utility department and cannot be purchased in any store. Each prize is guaranteed to be of the best solid wood and will last a life time and ten years after, so get busy everyone—save paper and get one of these swell prizes—and help your country at the same time.

Please note: Prizes created by Ed. Holden, creator of nice things. Prizes made by Dewey Johnson, master craftsman. Decorations by Charlie Outler, artist extraordinary. Claude Robertson, advisory. George DuBois, Scrap Drive Manager.

The above have done their part. Now you show 'em what you can do to help put this drive over. Start now. Don't wait.



ANOTHER GROUP NOW IN BRAZIL includes, front row, left to right: David Harlan, George Coupland, E. S. LeGaye, Arman Williams, Joe Graham, F. L. DeBra, Robert Chandler, Howard Field and T. T. Hogan. Back row, left to right: Richard Atwood, T. C. Wright, A. Z. Spires, A. J. Troy, Jr., George Campbell, Fred Mueller, Harry Koehler and Maurice Brayton.





AT THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CHRISTMAS DANCE last Saturday night, Photographer Mike Harlan was very busy with his camera. Seated at the table in the upper left hand picture at Deauville are, left to right: Dave Beaty, Administrative Assistant; Mrs. John G. McKay; Mrs. John Paul Riddle; Carl R. Anderson, Vice-President of Embry-Riddle; Mrs. Anderson; and John G. McKay, Vice-President and Legal Advisor of Embry-Riddle. In the upper right hand picture are Eunice and Jim Goodrich of the Colonnade. Center, left to right: Karen Draper, Aviation Advisor to Women; Cliff Zeiger of Eastern Airlines; Chauffeur Jackie Dillard; Lt. and Mrs. Jordan Pennoyer; and Tibby and Syd Burrows. In the insert are Helen and Dave Narrow of Chapman Field at the left and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Arnold, guests of Helene Hirsch and Jo Axtell of Tech School, at the right. Lower left: Mrs. Riddle dances with John McKay. Lower right: The "breadline."





## AIRCRAFT AND ENGINE DIVISION



### ARCADIA OVERHAUL

by Bleeka Kistler

The Inspecting department seems to be humming along at a terrific pace these days preparing a training program for the work-



Bleeka

ers at Overhaul. Along with their normal routine, the Inspectors, with the aid of Jack Pooser, are all wrapped up in compiling material for a suitable curriculum to present to the classes when school begins in January. Ramer

hesitates to give out too many details on his new enterprise, but he does promise to give a course of training that will interest each employee and provide all with a better understanding and general knowledge of the complete activity in which we are engaged.

#### More Learning

A classroom has been arranged by Jan Klint, who also has gone all out for this accomplishment. I think that the Tech School will be hearing a lot from Jan concerning text books and other aids that he can wheedle.

The guys and gals in all the departments seem to be highly interested and can hardly wait for the school bells to ring.

Your correspondent, speaking as one who has been with Overhaul since the beginning, has only this to say, "Nice going, wish it had started months ago." I'm going to be there with bells on and hope to sneak in on all besides my own regular classes. At last I can learn why they shape those d— ailerons the way they do and what their use is up in the clouds.

All hope for Mytrice Huff's speedy recovery from the sudden illness which has her confined to the local hospital for the last week. Also, to Mary Self and Ola Duncan we send wishes for a quick recovery. Personally, I think they picked a bad time to be confined in bed, just before the arrival of Old St. Nick. All are missed very much by everyone.

We're glad to have our old friend Dorothy Mercer back again in the Sheet Metal department.

#### Bucket of Bolts

Some day I'm gonna take time off and fix that bucket of bolts that Charles Berberian proudly refers to as "His Car." 'Tis mighty cold waiting on the corner these mornings for Charles to coax the thing to get going. After the War is over I'm going to remind him to buy a "car."

The Air Condition building has become very popular since the old bug arrived. Seems that this is the most comfortable

place in the entire department. I can tell you it is great to be there at this time, not only for working purposes but for comfort as well. I for one cannot begin to express our pride in at last being able to cover and dope in all kinds of weather.

Signing off now with a wish for a Merry Christmas to all.

### ENGINE NOISES

by Dick Hourihan

We of Engine Overhaul want to take this opportunity to offer Christmas greetings to our bosses.

Although we would like to see them much more often, we understand that they are overly busy and that they have our interest at heart and are doing their level best to make the Aircraft and Engine Division a better place for all of us.

To Joseph R. Horton, W. M. Thomas, T. W. Nelson, Robert Hanners, Charlie Grafflin, William Ehne, Charlie Pelton and their families, we wish a most sincere Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

#### Sympathy

We extend our deepest sympathies to the family of Byron Callahan. We will miss Cal, his pleasing personality, his willingness and his lovely voice.

Since the spirit of Christmas is the spirit of Christ, and Christmas Day is the birthday of freedom, let our hearts be filled with the joy of Christmas. May the spirit of Christmas strengthen our hearts and minds to increase our efforts to do our best to make the world one of Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men.

### CHRISTMAS GREETINGS!

Today throughout the various departments of the Aircraft and Engine Division Christmas parties have been arranged.

It is unfortunate that we of the executive offices will be unable personally to attend all of these get-togethers; consequently, we are using the Fly Paper as a means of expressing our appreciation to all employees of the Aircraft and Engine Division. We are extremely proud of each and every one of you and sincerely wish a most Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all.

Joseph R. Horton

### INSTRUMENT DEPARTMENT

by Walter Dick

It appears that the first paragraph in last week's column stirred up a tempest in a teacup, so to speak. We shall just have to wait and see if I was right or wrong.

Mr. Pearson of the Sperry Gyro Corporation paid our department a visit last Saturday and passed out some helpful information. Evelyn Hughs, in her quiet way, goes about her work day in and day out. No fuss, but plenty of work turned out.

H. Fein, our human furnace, still comes to work with his coat and shirt sleeves rolled up. How's he do it? Maurice Westervelt left Saturday on his vacation which he hopes to spend with his wife, Ann, now in the WAC and stationed at Carlsbad, N. M. Here's hoping that the bus strike in the southeastern division doesn't leave him stranded en route.

#### Vacations

Marjorie Rosebush expects to leave on her vacation next Monday and will visit her son in Army Air Corps. He is stationed at Scott Field, St. Louis.

Last Thursday really was like Christmas at Instrument Overhaul. Reason? Well, Mr. Westervelt was not going to be with us this week for our regular Christmas celebration and we also discovered that Mr. Beckwith had suffered a distinct loss, which gave us a wonderful chance to give him something which he would be sure to appreciate.

While Mr. Beckwith was watching, Mr. Westervelt unwrapped the new tool box which we had got him, and Peggy Maynard handed him a new electric razor, our gift to him. A very jolly time was had by all.

The rest of us will have our party Friday afternoon, but this will come off long after our deadline, so am mentioning it now.

We were all very sorry to hear last Saturday that Sue Vileneuve had been called to Wisconsin by the death of her mother. May we express deepest sympathy, Sue.

#### Paging Dr. House

Hugh Skinner is at home with a bad cold as we go to press as is Frank Torion. It seems that despite Mr. Graves and the house doctor, Dr. House, we just can't seem to keep all the gang going at the same time.

Likely as you read this we will all be putting the finishing touches on our Christmas preparations. Well, here is wishing you a VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS. That's all for this year, folks.

In the October issue of *Army Life*, official War Department recruiting magazine, is a story by Sgt. Jay Frank about the CAP cadets, with pictures taken at a meeting of New York's Knickerbacker Squadron.



## WING FLUTTER

by Medora Barling

Greetings and good cheer from Aircraft Overhaul on this Christmas Eve. Everyone is busy doing that last minute shopping that we swore would be done a week before Christmas. Trees are being trimmed and so is father. We are all trying to decide just what we want for Christmas, as who isn't?

Here are a few things that we wish for a few people at 20th street and 8th avenue: For Mr. Benson, a nice shiny pair of skates in order to get him to the telephone in record time. For Leo Courson, a gold star every day of his life for that wonderful kindness. To David Ulrich, a world to set on fire. For J. C. Smith, the hottest tips the dope sheets can offer.

For Mr. Newsom and Mr. Johnson, a smooth-running sheet metal department. To Mr. Ballough, 2 gold stars, because we never hear anything from him or about him. For Chester Alsdorf, a throne, because that's all he needs. For Gravel-throat Getzman, a meaty role in a horse opera some fine day. To Pitts Ingram, no pits to fall in. To Mr. Slocum, more hats to keep his head warm. To Don Martin, courage to face the new year, of which he needs plenty.

To B. Kershaw, an automatic gadget to make those holes in sheet metal; then she could just sit and watch the thing work. To our favorite guards, Cuffel and Norelius, a magic eye to open that gate. To Maxine Stevens—a stock room that doesn't run out of stock and to the Field Crew, all those gadgets that the stock room invariably runs out of.

For all of us, more people like Mr. Clevenger, Mr. Pierson and Mr. Campbell. For Aylene Arnette, a Navy that doesn't move so much. To "Angel" Trout, may she always be all the name personifies. To all those people we have missed, all the things they want most, and for all the boys, Betty Grable in their Christmas stocking, and for all the girls, Frank Sinatra. Bye now.

## A. D. D.'s

by Dorothy Keyser

Arrangements are going full blast for our Christmas celebration Friday. Jack Salter as acting electrician has planned to get our tree all lit up (and he can do it too) with Catherine Kerr providing the trimmings and Duncan arranging them.

Everyone will have the opportunity to exchange presents, having drawn names from a box; and from conversations overheard, ahem, the unwrapping process should provide much enjoyment.

Sorry Major Hoffer couldn't stay and join in the merriment. The Major was here from Warner Robins on a short inspection trip last week. Among those absent will be Dorothy Goyer, who is with her husband on furlough in good ole New York. Tommy Wynns' thoughts will be in Tennessee with his wife, but he promised to have his body here to say hello and join in the exchange of presents. More about the celebration after it happens.

Impressionable personalities as per physical inventory: Malcolm Porta who is the only person I know that sneezes with a

Southern accent . . . Florence Love, head of the Giggles department . . . then there's the gal (among the unmentionables) who unsuccessfully thumbed a ride on a truck and found that it was carting convicts . . . last but not least, Old Man Winter, who gets under our skins, seeps throughout blood streams and finds refuge in our bones.

The picture of those who were recently awarded merit badges has just been examined by all the victims. Pat McNamara does not appear in the picture as she was having her tonsils out at the time it was taken. We have hopes that the picture will appear in this week's issue of the Fly Paper, but will have to admit we're late getting it to the editors. Congratulations to all those who received their merit badges on December 8th.

The entire detachment joins with me in wishing all our friends a very Merry Christmas.

## VOLLEY BALL

The Twisters threw the Engine Overhaul volley ball league back into a tie by eking out a 15-13 victory over the champion Hurricanes. This victory marks the Twisters as the most formidable mudders, as the game was played on a cold, drizzling day.

An interested spectator at each volley ball session is Charley Grafflin, who explains that he really doesn't care for the game but just likes to find out who exemplifies the motto "Keep physically fit to aid the production effort."



MEMBERS OF THE AIR DEPOT DETACHMENT AWARDED MERIT BADGES are, left to right: Arthur Rubin, Joe Colonna, Fred Merritt, William Hill, Florence Love, Tommy Wynns, Mildred Brooks, Everett Duncan, Capt. Bacon, Eugene Davison, Dorothy Goyer, Eugene Reynolds, Ernest Stone, Catherine Kerr, Malcolm Porta, Victor Rouch, Jack Salter and Leonard Hendricks.



## CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Lola Hayes

### 'Twas THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS

*'Twas the day before Christmas and all  
over the Field*

*The spirit of Christmas was all that pre-  
vailed.*

*The Cubs were parked on the line with  
care.*

*We knew a capable line crew was there.*

*When all of a sudden there arose such  
a noise,*

*We knew in a moment it was none of the  
boys.*

*A plane circled over and came in for  
a landing.*

*It came to a stop right where we were  
standing.*

*Then out jumped Santa with a great big  
smile,*

*And we hoped the jolly ole Saint would  
stay for a while.*

*He waved us a greeting and got to his task,  
Unloading the things for which we had  
asked.*

*The nicest of heaters were installed in a  
jiffy,*

*And new motor scooters that really were  
spiffy.*

*On all personnel he hung a big smile,*

*For that is the latest for '44 style.*

*There were Ray-Bans and goggles and hel-  
mets to spare,*

*"C" tickets, and nylons, and other things  
rare.*

*Upon all he bestowed so much treasure  
That we were happy far beyond measure.*

*He filled every heart full of courage and  
cheer.*

*Merry Christmas to all and a Happy  
New Year!*

The way we have been crowded around the heater out our way would be just about perfect if we had someone to lead the Christmas carols. The holly is hanging high and now if someone will just donate a sprig of mistletoe the setting will be complete.

Our last intermediate class has Christmas leave to go home. They will have several days before reporting to Preflight at Athens, Ga. Good luck, fellows—from all remaining here at Chapman.

Mr. Jourdan, our resident Flight Supervisor, will be leaving to assume new duties in the Atlanta office soon. He will be the Senior Flight Supervisor for our district. Needless to say, we will miss him. We wish him lots of good luck and happy landings.

You know, I think Mary Sylvester has the right idea. She is on vacation now and can do her shopping at leisure and enjoy the holidays to the fullest. Others we miss are Cookie, Harriet and Mr. Rollins. We will be glad to see all of you back, so hurry.

The other day Anne Pozgay took home a little yellow kitten for Stevie and Marie. Now it happens that Anne, who generally

doesn't care for cats, has fallen in love with "Honey" and has changed her mind about cats. Imagine Honey shinnying up the Christmas tree!

Where were the rest of you peeples Saturday night? We missed you and you missed a good time. There was music to suit any mode a la dance and a buffet supper besides.

Well, here approaches the man on horseback who hopes to take this bit of gargoyle with him.

So long, everybody. Greetings and cheer for the holidays from us.

## COLONNADE

by Anne Park and Pat Pratt, Sales Dept.

*Christmas comes but once a year*

*Spreading joy, good health and cheer,*

*So gather round you Colonnaders*

*And listen while we serenade ya's.*

And if you want to save yourself a trip downtown to visit Santa, just step in Sales department and see our own version of that merry ole gent. A hearty smile-laugh like a bowl of cherries and all that goes with it—yes, it's our own John Vodicka. And if you ask him why his face is so red, I wouldn't be at all surprised if it was something about a little someone from Oregon.

Frances Wiest has a very special visitor from Jacksonville—none other than Capt. Bill Hedrick. The latest thing in Personnel is Emmett Varney's Blackout Christmas Card—really is unusual—and if you want to know the best way to keep warm—refer to the card—or Mr. V. will do.

Have you ever heard Cora Raymond talk about her cute little granddaughter? She's the apple of Cora's eye, and the clothes her devoted grandmother makes are like those from Sak's Fifth Avenue. Yes sir, this little eight-year-old is the owner of a real fur coat.

Gonzalo Fortun, one of our Cuban boys, returned the other day from Washington, but he's on his way back to Cuba, much to our regret—and am I envious.

By the way, I'm here to ask you, "What's the difference between a duck?" One leg is both the same. Get it? Why, it's easy if you're a moron, and being one, it's simple for me.

Had a lengthy letter not long ago from Helen Bass. Most of Personnel will remember her—a really grand person who gave us up for Trinidad.

So, this is the end of the Christmas edition of Colonnade Cannonade. So what? Anyway, a very Merry Christmas to all and a Happy New Year.

## WHITECAPS

by Cay Sillocks

Here I sit "frothing at the pen" wondering what of interest there is to relate. Everyone seems to be rushing hither and yon getting ready for Christmas.



Cay

Rusty Sheather and Mary Jessup are leaving us for a few days to return to the bosom of their respective families for the holidays. There is no need to tell them to have fun. They will anyway.

Rosemary Bryant is all aglow. Her mother and father are here to spend a little vacation with her—a visit she has been anticipating for quite some time.

It was with deep regret that we bid adieu to Pat Hillis who left our happy throng this week. We do hope you will return to us, Pat. Cheery souls, especially when they are such swell sports along with it, are in great demand.

Speaking of good sports! Mary Amanek did bring that chocolate cake. It was christened immediately—and very good it was too, Mary. Thanks.

To go from the ridiculous to the sublime I came across these lines penned by an American boy of nineteen who was killed in action with the Royal Canadian Air Force in December of 1941. They impressed me—perhaps you will like them too.

### HIGH FLIGHT

*Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered  
wings;*

*Sunward I've climbed and joined the tum-  
bling mirth*

*Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred  
things*

*You have not dreamed of—wheeled and  
soared and swung.*

*High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along and  
flung*

*My eager craft through footless halls of  
air.*

*Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with  
easy grace,*

*Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;  
And, while with silent, lifting mind, I've  
trod*

*The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face  
of God.*

John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

So now, may I wish you each and all a very merry Christmas, and may the little fat man in the little red coat bring you all your heart's desire.



# DEAUVILLE DITTIES

by Vadah Walker

Defying old man North Wind, the stout of heart of Embry-Riddle rang in the holiday season at the Macfadden-Deauville last Saturday night. From eight till one Cy Washburn's boys played sweet and hot while two score couples whirled about the familiar floor.

Best remedy for keeping unchilled was demonstrated by Helene Hirsch dancing with Larry Hall, Jo Axtell with Lt. Henry Schwartz, and Shirley and Bill Arnold. Bet the rest of us are going to catch up with that jitterbug brand before the next cold spell sets in.

## Nice Surprise

We regretted that John Paul Riddle could not return from São Paulo in time for our Christmas dance, but we decided to forgive the new School for keeping him when we saw Mrs. Riddle entering the ballroom with Mr. and Mrs. John G. McKay. Mr. McKay, Vice-President and Legal Advisor of Embry-Riddle, has been quite ill, and it flattered us no end that he chose to spend one of his first outings with us.

Tech School met for the first time the charming wife of Carl R. Anderson, Assistant Vice-President of Embry-Riddle. All of us hope you will make our parties a habit, Faye.

Syd and Tibby Burrows were on hand

as usual, adding sparkle to the festivities. We hear they remained at the Deauville for the week-end and bet they report a wonderful time.

Some of the suburbanites from Chapman Field got snowbound along the way, we fear, but those who came and thawed out with us included correspondent "Cookie" with "Shadow" DaBoll; Lola Hayes with Merle Ziegler; "King Rhumba" LeRoy, newster at Chapman but an old pal of Tech; Eunice and Tine Davis; Nel Lennon with Herb Mueller; Betty Mulsom and Dave Pearlman; the Dave Narrows; and Norma Boatwright and Andrew Fischer. Guests of the Chapman-ites were Lt. and Mrs. George Young, USNR.

## Colonnaders

Also at the Chapman table we noticed Blanche and Jim Goodrich of cowboy fame, who recently transferred from Chapman to the Colonnade. Other Colonnaders were Beryl T. Mogue and G. O. Freeman, whom we had the pleasure of meeting for the first time. May they be with us every time from now on.

Col. Arnold H. Rich, Director of the Tech School, and Mrs. Rich were among the merrymakers, but we all regretted the absence of their two lovely daughters, Frances and Ruth.

Aviation Advisor to Women Karen Draper arrived with Cliff Zeiger, sister Helen Pennoyer and hubby, sister-in-law Jackie Dillard, and the good news that sister Connie Henshaw will be in Miami with Dennis for Christmas. Quite a family reunion it will be, and to all of them we wish the very merriest of Christmases.

Two perfect pictures at the hostess' table were Helen Burkart and Fredda Pointevint of Mr. Riddle's office. The girls could not have looked more stunning, as the proud glances of their husbands, Bob and Cliff, attested.

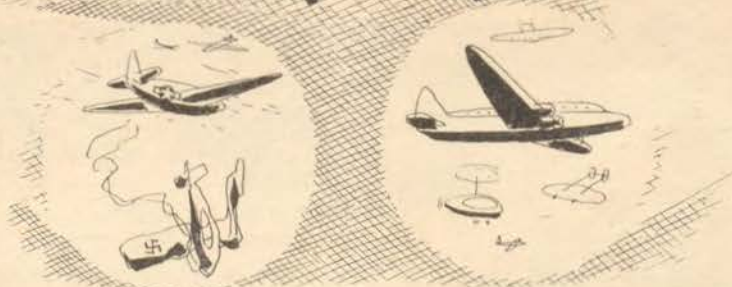
## A Must

It's "come again" to Ruth Thompson of Chelsea, N. J., house guest of our "Little Miss Alice," Florrie Gilmore and Wain. We were so glad you arrived in Miami in time for our party, Ruth, and your attendance at each one during your stay is a must.

Missing from the "Richard's gang" was Charlie Maydwell, who was just plain too busy to attend. This business of getting off to Brazil is a harrowing one—passports, shots, birth certificates, shots, the green light from Uncle Sam, shots, shots—shots.

And speaking of Brazil and shots, we want all our wandering instructors in São Paulo to know how much we missed them. May Christmas in the South American way be interesting and very merry.

## In the Spotlight!



## Today . . . and Tomorrow

In the newspapers and magazines—on the air—everywhere—attention is focused on Aviation! And it will still be in the spotlight in the years ahead, as it hits its full stride of commercial development.

Aviation needs trained men and women right now. And right now is the time to get Embry-Riddle training in whatever branch you choose. A moderate investment in sound schooling can pay you big dividends the rest of your life. Write us for complete information today.



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